YOUNG DAYS.

"THERE WERE GIANTS." (see page 120).

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THE LAWNLEYS OF HIGHCLIFFE.

BY G. NORWAY.

CHAPTER V.

OLIVER RETURNS HOME.

IT was a wild, wet night; the wind howled around the old walls of Highclyffe, and shook the windows of Mrs. Lawnley's dressing room as if the storm fiends were trying to make an entrance.

Mrs. Lawnley, wrapped in a large shawl, cowered over the fire, shivering, and weeping to herself.

"Cheer up, mistress," said old Dorothy. "Master Oliver can take good care of himself."

"Don't cry, mamma," said little Muriel, who sat upon her footstool, with her hands clasped upon her mother's knee. "Don't cry, God will take care of dear Nolly."

The door opened, and Oliver himself stood on the threshold.

"Muriel!" he cried, "God be praised, you are safe so far, at least."

"What do you mean, Oliver?" asked the child.

"Oh! Oliver, my son, my son," sobbed his mother, "how could you go away and run into so much danger?"

"It was too bad of you, Master Oliver," scolded Dorothy, "and just look at you what a pickle you are in! Plastered with mud and dirt, and those good murry clothes, that should have served you all winter, quite ruined! Look at the rents in them!"

"Stop, Dorothy," said Muriel, looking into her brother's face. "Master Oliver is in trouble, and has something to tell us. What is it, Oliver dear?"

"It is this, my darling," replied he. "You and I are both proscribed for our parts in King Monmouth's affair. I have escaped so far with great difficulty, and the pursuit after us is hot. I hoped to find you here, but you cannot stay, for Judge Jeffries has thrown all of your schoolfellows, whom he can seize, into prison, for presenting the banner, and his soldiers are on the road here to find you. One of the girls is lying at point of death in prison, from the foul gaol-fever, and another died of fright even at the sight of Jeffries' terrible face.

Mrs. Lawnley shrieked, and fainted. "Now, Master Oliver, what do you mean by coming scaring your Ma like that!" cried the old woman servant. "Who is going to put a baby like Miss Muriel into prison for doing just nothing at all with any harm in it, I should like to know?"

"There is no time for me to explain, Dorothy," said Oliver. "The soldiers will be here in a few minutes. Give my sister a warm wrap, and bring us food, if you can, without being noticed, at my hut in the wood. We will be there, or near it, unless the soldiers find it out. Be wary, our lives are in your hands."

So pressed for time was he that he caught the shawl from the shoulders of his insensible mother, wrapped it closely around his sister, seized her hand, and sped away with her.

Dorothy would have stopped him to ask further information, but, even as he disappeared, she heard the trampling of horses' feet, with the jingle of steel arms approaching the front of the house, up the avenue, and Gideon was unbarring the front door at their summons.

In deadly terror, she applied herself to lay her mistress down. Mrs. Lawnley's fainting fit was long and obstinate, and what had become of the children she could not tell. The slight delay gave her time to collect her thoughts and take in the situation. She perceived that, if the young ones were to have any chance of escape, the more time which she could secure for them the better. It was also better that their mother should not have the power of betraying them by any unwary admissions made in half recovery of her senses, so she ceased her efforts to restore them.

Meantime, the soldiers rode up to the door, and Gideon opened it without hesitation.

"We want your young master," said the officer in charge of the troop.

"Anan?" said Gideon, hand to ear, as if he were deaf, which he had never been before.

"Your young master!" roared the officer. "Master Oliver Lawnley! Where is he?"

"Master Oliver, sir, what of him? Where is he?" asked Gideon.

"He is here, in this house," shouted the officer.

"Oh! no, no, no, not he," said the old servant, smiling a little. "Master Oliver went away a month ago; back in hay time. He went on a long journey, he is not here."

"We know all about him and his journey," said the officer. "But he has come back."

"No, no, no, no," replied Gideon. "He is not here."

"The man is an old fool," said the officer to his second in command. "We had better search

the premises at once. The girl at least will be here."

"Where is the little girl, Miss Lawnley?" asked the soldier.

"Anan?" enquired Gideon, again very deaf.

"The little girl, Muriel Lawnley!" shouted the soldier at the top of a strident voice.

"Aye, aye, that is her name, sir," replied Gideon, with the greatest innocence.

"Where is she?"

"At school, your worship," said Gideon.

"The school is broken up, as you know, and the young ladies gone to their homes," said the officer.

"No, no, not Miss Muriel," replied Gideon "She is not here."

"Where is she then?"

"I cannot say, sir, at school I should suppose."

"The school is broken up and dispersed, I tell you."

"Lack-a-day, lack-a-day! Where is missie then, your worship?"

"This old idiot knows nothing," said the officer. "Let us seek the women, we shall get it out of them, they cannot all be fools or deaf."

They pushed by Gideon, and entered the hall.

"Perhaps your honours have ridden far, and would like a stoup of ale or wine?" proposed Gideon, amicably.

"Our birds cannot be here," whispered the second in command. "Even such a fool as this old fellow, would not offer hospitality if they were."

"We will search the place well, nathless," said his chief.

Gideon fumbled with his keys, and prepared to produce the liquors proposed.

"Where are the other servants?" demanded the officer.

"No other, no, none except my old woman upstairs with her missus," said Gideon. "But I can get the wine, your honour."

"Keep an eye on him, Damerel," said the officer, "while I go upstairs. I will leave six men with you to watch the doors and passages. The rest go with me to search the house."

He mounted the staircase, and rapped with the hilt of his sword at the door whence light issued.

"Have a care, sir, have a care," said Dorothy, appearing immediately on the threshold, and speaking in an angry low voice. "Here have you frightened my poor sick mistress into a fit. What do you want with her? She has done no one any harm."

"We want your young master and mistress, woman," said the officer. "If you thwart us, and harbour a young rebel brood like that, you will have to answer for it to my lord Jeffries yourself, and your mistress too. Where are the young ones?"

"A fine thing indeed," said Dorothy, scornfully. "A fine thing for a grand officer such as you, like enough a father yourself, to come with your clanging, jangling men-at-arms, all to find a chield vean and a little maiden! Where are they! saith he? Why, where they should be, at school with horn-book and sampler!"

"That's a lie, and you know it," replied the officer, sternly.

"Then, if it is the last word I utter, you will get no other from me, for your uncivil ways," said the old body. "A lie, quotha! A liar yourself most like."

"We must search this room, and the whole house," said he.

"Search as you choose," said she, "and find the babes an' you can. Pretty work for bearded men to wage with such as they!"

Mrs. Lawnley began to open her eyes, and stir, moaning feebly.

"Dont'ee be feared, my dear missus," said the faithful creature, kneeling down by her side. 'Tis all a mistake, there is no danger, dont'ee be frighted now."

"My children, my children, where are they?" faintly asked the lady.

"There now!" exclaimed the sturdy old woman. "If their Ma is fain to ask that, who else can tell you? Be off with you, and make your search, and satisfy yourself, and let us be left in peace."

Somewhat abashed, and not at all relishing the woman's open scorn, the men set to their task, and went all over the house, one remaining the while at the door of the lady's room, while Dorothy got her to lie down on her couch, and covered her warmly.

No sign of the children was found, but a little box of Muriel's clothes and books was discovered under the bed in the little room which she occupied.

"She is not far off," said the soldier who discovered it. "And the lad was certainly in the town this afternoon."

"Is there a secret apartment in the house?" asked the officer.

"All these old houses have one," was the reply, "but we have not discovered it."

The officer stepped back into Mrs. Lawnley's room.

"Show me the entrance to your secret hiding place," said he to Dorothy.

"It opens there, from within that closet," said the old woman, without the smallest hesitation.

Within a dark closet, where hung several heavy cloaks and other garments, a short investigation betrayed a sliding door in the wainscot, which, on being pushed back, betrayed a small room, perfectly empty, save of a stool and a pallet bed.

"It has not been used since the days of priestcraft," said Dorothy, with a malicious smile.

"They are not here, 'tis certain," said the officer at last. "But they will make for their own nest sooner or later. Damerel, you must remain with two men, to watch the house, and we will proceed upon our other arrests."

By midnight, the small garrison was arranged, and the rest of the troop rode away again down the avenue, having eaten a hearty supper set before them by Gideon, and drunk deeply of his good home-brewed ale, and strong wine.

CHAPTER VI.

THE NIGHT ON THE HILL.

OLIVER had run, with his sister, out from a side door, into the yard at the back of the house, and Gideon had carefully closed and bolted it after them before he had admitted the soldiers at the front, and delayed their search by his feigned deafness, and his hospitality.

Waiting for nothing, the two young people hurried across the yard, through the kitchen garden, and out into the woods, which rose up an abrupt height at that place. On the summit of the cliff Oliver had, in former days, erected a hut, in which he and his sister had often played, and enjoyed many a pic-nic feast.

This place was tolerably secluded among thick trees; yet, from it, a good view of the back of the manor house was obtained, and, looking down upon it now, they saw lights passing from window to window, above, below, everywhere.

"They are looking for us," said Oliver to the trembling girl, "but they won't find us. This weather is famous, none of our footmarks will be seen after this rain."

"What is it, Nolly? I don't understand. What have we done wrong? Why do the soldiers want us?"

"We have done nothing really wrong, dear. It is all that wicked king James, taking his revenge upon Monmouth's friends. He has sent that dreadful judge Jeffries down upon us, with leave to do what he likes, and what he is doing is just awful. He is hanging people in every direction, sending hundreds off to the plantations for slaves, and flogging some to death. He has put all your schoolfellows whom he can catch into prison; and there they must stay till their friends can pay ever so much money to ransom them, but he shan't have you."

"What! dear Lucy, and Polly, and Nan? Are they in prison?"

"Yes, all of them. And the gaol fever is raging among them, and the prison is so crowded that there are no beds or proper things for them; and if anybody tries to help them, they are hanged or flogged."

Muriel cried bitterly. "What will mamma say or do, Noll!"

"Dorothy will take care of her, and not tell her more than can be helped, dear."

"But if they come here after us?" whispered Muriel.

"They won't to-night, at any rate," said Oliver.

"Must we stay here all night, brother?" asked she. "I am *so* wet."

Oliver felt her feet and found them soaked through. He had put the shawl over her head, and wrapped up her shoulders in it, but it was dripping with rain, and the skirts of her garments were as wet as if they had just come out of a washing tub.

He wrung them as dry as he could, took off the shawl and shook it well, but there was nothing else to be done, and Muriel shivered with cold.

"We must walk up and down to keep warm," said he, "it will never do to sit still while we are so wet, and a fire would be seen."

"I am very tired, and very hungry, too," said Muriel, "but I suppose it cannot be helped."

"I am afraid it cannot this time, dear," replied Oliver. "Keep up heart, there are others in worse plight than we."

It was all very well for him to say so, but there could not have been many, at that moment, much more uncomfortable.

The hut was of the smallest, they could not move about in it, and the rain poured and plashed down outside it. It was late in the autumn, and the damp wind was icy cold, they shivered and shook, do what they would to keep warm. Muriel's shawl became heavy with wet, and she was so tired that she could scarcely drag herself along. Her brother made her move constantly, because he was afraid that she would grow too stiff with cold to do so else; and he was right. But he was wet himself, through and through, and their teeth chattered in their heads.

"If dear mamma knew how wet and cold we are, she would be very sorry," said Muriel, at last; and, at the thought she began to cry. Oliver could have cried too, did he not feel it incumbent upon him to supply heroism for them

both. But he saw that they could not remain there as they were. Muriel was delicate, and this might cost her her life.

"Come," said he, we must do something to get shelter. I think we had better make our way over to Peter Robins' farm, and see if Margery will take us in. It is so out of the way up on the moors, that soldiers will hardly go up there."

The thought inspirited Muriel to fresh endeavours, and they started off, up a steep stony lane, hardly more than a sheep path, beneath fir trees, which soon gave place to mere bushes of gorse and whins; and then out upon the heather of the open moor.

The rain was worse than ever, the wind howled and raged terrifically, the brambles and gorse caught at their garments and tore them as they stumbled wearily through them; Muriel's thin slippers came off, and she could not find them, and then Oliver took her upon his back.

Wrapping the wet shawl tightly round them both, and holding the ends in his numbed hands, while his sister nearly throttled him by clasping her arms round his neck, he plodded resolutely on, with set teeth, feeling Muriel's head sink more and more heavily on his shoulder at every step.

The dim grey dawn was breaking into sullen red lines in the east before the secluded moorland farm was reached, and he ploughed his way over the sodden straw in the yard with the last remains of his strength.

The place looked deserted, not a creature was to be seen, but it was still too early; and, upon his sinking down with a heavy "thud" on the lintel of the door, a voice within called out, "Who is there?"

Neither of them could answer, they were too much spent; but a heavy footstep approached the door, and removed a bar.

"Lord's sakes alive!" cried a homely, hearty voice, "t'aint never Miss Muriel and Maister Lawnley! My poor dear drowned rats, whatever has a' come to ye. Peter! Peter! come here at once!"

The farmer came hastily, and lifted Muriel in his arms, bearing her to the hearth, where he broke up the gathering peat, raked out the ashes, and threw on some dry wood which made a cheerful blaze in a few minutes.

Margery knelt down beside the poor child, whom he had placed in an arm chair, removed her wet stockings, chafed her feet, and poured a spoonful of brandy into her mouth. Then, while Peter took Oliver into an inner room to strip off his dripping clothes, and replace them with his own hodden grey, Margery undressed the little girl., wrapped her up in blankets, and laid her on the settle within reach of the now glowing fire, setting a skillet of elderberry wine to heat with spices for them both.

Muriel could not stop shaking and crying, her chattering teeth prevented her from making any explanation of how they came there, but the good soul asked for none; she cossetted and comforted her, laying the little girl's head upon her motherly bosom, and soothing her with kindly words.

She soaked strips of bread the while in the mulled wine, and coaxed her to swallow morsels, till the hysterical fit had passed, then carried her off to bed, nor left her until she had seen her soundly asleep.

Oliver had revived more quickly, and explained to the goodman how he had followed Monmouth's army, how he had set the merchantman on fire at Bristol; how he had escaped, and hid, and wandered; how he had witnessed the deplorable battle of Sedgemoor, and hid and wandered again, never daring to go home lest he might bring down vengeance on his mother. How he had even made his way up to London; and, standing among the crowds that covered Tower Hill up to the very chimney tops, he had seen his beloved hero brought out to die. He had seen the handsome, mournful face lift itself from the block, and the dark eyes look reproachfully at the executioner as even his arm failed to wield the fatal axe with its usual deadly certainty; and he had dipped his own kerchief in the blood of the victim, who had been the idol of so many, and their ruin.

His voice broke as he related the piteous story, and the farmer sobbed aloud.

Then Oliver went on to say how he had heard in London of the dreadful retribution which Jeffries was carrying out in the west; and how the Queen's maids of honour, lost to all sense of womanly feeling, had asked the royal permission to be granted leave of wreaking their will upon the poor little schoolgirls in Taunton, and persecuting them until their friends paid exhorbitant ransoms for their lives and liberties.

"So," concluded the boy, "I made my way home then, as fast as I could, and only just saved Muriel last night, as the soldiers were riding up the avenue. Will you help us, and hide us till danger is past?"

"That will I," said the farmer, "and that right heartily. We've no grand maids of honour here, thanks be. You'm safe, master, so long as Peter Robins bides here."

(To be continued.)

LITTLE ASKER'S PAGE.

"IN a nook with a book" is the saying of an old writer, and is it not a something that Little Askers like also? But where shall the nook be, and what shall the book be? Now that October has come, when the nights are long and cold, the ingle-nook—the chimney-corner—will be a favourite place, won't it? And when lessons are done, or work is over, which book are you going to read? Well, I wanted to tell you of one book which all of you should read, and if you have not yet made up your mind about any book in particular, you could not do better than read this one called:

Black Beauty.

It is the auto-biography of a Horse, told in the Horse's own words. The writer of it is Mrs. Sewell, and the book may be had from the S.S.A., Essex Hall. It can be bought either for 1/- (in paper covers), 1/6 in plain binding, or 2/- in best binding. Some of you I feel sure must have read it already; and if you have, you will agree with me that it is a charming story. Who can ever forget Black Beauty being led out of the burning stable, or the scene she saw at the hunt? The chapters are short, and the words so simple that the youngest of you will understand. Some of you have parents who may not be able to spare the money to buy you this book, but you might ask for it at your library, and if you show the librarian this page of *Young Days* he will no doubt get the book for you. Or, if you are to have a prize at Day or Sunday school soon, you might ask for "Black Beauty."

Another good book I am just reading; it is, however, for grown-up people, and will be well known by and by. I only mention it here because there is one passage I think you will like, and so I am copying it out for you. Ermyntrude Carrel and Jonathan Merle are in her vegetable garden. Mrs. Carrel and her husband Aubrey, young people of high birth, have determined to work for their living, and have taken a farm from Mr. Carrel's land-owning father. Ermyn attends to the house and her garden, in which she takes a pride and makes a profit. The minister, Jonathan Merle, who knows a great deal about gardening, and a great deal about goodness too, is just going round her garden with Ermyn, and is asking how she likes it so far:—

"Oh, it is the most delightful form of art ever conceivable!" said Ermyn, walking enchanted among the cauliflowers. "We just do *our* little part, and then *life* comes in and does the rest. To be sure there *is* trial in having to *wait* for life, or seeing it *hindered*: having life of the wrong sort for instance. Just look—did you ever see?" she added, showing the minister a row of peas that would have taken the highest price,—all eaten up by the slugs.

"Villains, beware," said Merle.

"Ye little snails,
With slippery tails,
Who noiselessly travel
Along the gravel,
By a silvery track of slime unsightly
I learn that you visit my pea-rows nightly;
Felonious your visit I guess.
Now I give you warning
That every morning
I'll strictly examine the pods;
And if one I hit on
With slaver or spit on,
Your next meal shall be with the gods!

I know you're a very ancient race,
And Greece and Babylon were amid;
Ye have tenanted many a stately dome,
And dwelt in the oldest Pyramid.
The source of the Nile—ah, you have been there!
In the Ark was your floodless bed.
On the moonless night of Marathon
Ye crawled o'er the mighty dead.
But still, though I reverence your ancestries,
I don't see why you should nibble my peas.

I have never disturbed your slender shells
  You have hung round my aged walk:
And each might have sat till he died in his fat,
  Beneath his own cabbage stalk.
But now you must flee from the land of your sires,
  So put on your liveliest crawl,
And think of your poor little snails at home
  Now orphans or emigrants all!
Utensils domestic and civil and social
I give you all evening to pack up;
    But if the moon of this night
    Does not rise on your flight,
To-morrow I'll hang each man-jack up.
Ye shall think of my peas and your thievish tricks
With tears of slime, when crossing the Styx."

"And as that warning is quite sure to be in vain—now for the gallows," he added, proceeding to cut cabbage-leaves, which he laid, one every few yards, beside the pea-rows.

"There! they will always go to anything cut in preference to what is growing," he said. "Turn those over in the morning, and you will find that the fowls can have meat for breakfast."

"Do you keep a remedy for *every* evil under the sun?" asked Ermyn.

"I believe there is an antidote provided for every form of evil if we did but observe God's laws enough to learn it," said Merle.

From "Jonathan Merle" by E. B. Bayly.

One Little Asker wants to know the meaning of the saying "before you could say Jack Robinson!" and the best answer I can give is contained in the following story.

ABOUT "JACK ROBINSON."

Once upon a time, there was a farmer named Robinson, who was much annoyed by the bad habit a certain wolf had of eating his sheep. The farmer reasoned with him, and even offered to pay for having him sent to a private asylum where they cured such bad habits. But the wolf said he preferred to remain a slave to the sheep appetite; for he suspected that the farmer (who was of a miserly disposition) might refuse to pay the bills after he had become cured of his appetite for sheep.

Farmer Robinson then tried to overcome him by means of traps, pitfalls, poisoned meat, and other snares; but the wolf was a wary old beast and for a long time the only way John Robinson knew that his enemy was alive was by the death of his sheep. You can imagine his joy, then, when one morning he came upon the wolf securely caught by the tail in a trap. The farmer approached the wolf and upbraided him. He then raised his stick to beat him to death.

But the wolf, who had borne all his reproaches meekly, stopped him by an imperious wave of his paw, and said "Prithee, let me say a word."

"I am," continued the wolf, "caught by the tail in your trap; but with one backward spring I can be free. It is true my tail will be in your power; but your sheep will be in mine, and I assure you they shall suffer for it. Now, though my tail is an old one, I am fond of it, and am willing to restrain my love of sheep somewhat if you will let me go tailfully."

Worthy John Robinson was deeply moved by the words of the wolf, and cogitated long, wondering what hard terms he might propose without bringing on a backward spring. At length he said:

"I will let you go on condition that you agree henceforth to eat no sheep of mine."

"But," exclaimed the wolf, "in that case I shall starve!"

"Not at all," said the farmer. "You may eat my neighbour's sheep."

Now, the farmer knew very well that his neighbours had no sheep. The wolf also knew it; but from earliest infancy he had been renowned for his acuteness, so he merely said:—

"How shall I be able to tell your sheep from your neighbours?"

"You can ask them to whom they belong, and, if they answer, 'Jack Robinson,' you must leave them in peace."

"Well," said the wolf, "your terms are pretty hard, but I will do as you say. Whenever I wish to eat a sheep, I will ask her to whom she belongs, and, if she answers, 'Jack Robinson,' I will let her go in peace."

Thereupon the farmer freed the wolf's tail from the trap, and went home rejoicing. But his joy was of short duration; for the wolf developed a remarkable quickness of eating, and, whenever he met a sheep, he asked her to whom she belonged, and then ate her up before she could say, "Jack Robinson."—*Harper's Young People.*

3, Richmond Terrace, Cox St., Coventry.

Dear Sir,—The oldest Church in England, and the first where Christianity was preached is St. Augustine, situated on the outskirts of Canterbury; and the second is St. Dunstan, in Canterbury.

I think I can only mention a few butterflies. There is the white one that changes from the caterpillar; a little blue one which is fond of settling upon flowers; then there is the peacock with pretty spots upon its wings; then there is another called the Oleander Hawk Moth. I cannot mention any more for there is about two thousand different kinds. I remain, yours respectfully, Hilda Albina Stringfellow,

Sept. 8th, 1890. Age 12 years.

MERRY ANDREW.

He sat on a tuft of heather, and a big clump of rushes grew at his feet. He was nobody in particular. Nobody owned him, and nobody cared for him except little Annie, who stood by his side, and watched him weaving the rush basket which she meant to fill with wild flowers as soon as it was finished. Annie's mother took in washing, and she had taken Andrew to nurse when he was a few weeks old. She was glad to keep him as long as she gained a little money by doing so. But the money soon stopped coming and Andrew went on growing. The poor woman had enough to do with her own babies, that were always sickly, always catching cold in the steam of the washing tubs, or having measles or whooping cough. When people heard of the measles they sent her no clothes to wash and then money was scarcer than ever. Her husband brought very little of his wages home —he spent most of them in tobacco and drink— often he was out of work, for he was so unsteady that people did not care to employ him, and then he sat by the fire smoking, while his wife mangled or ironed, till her customers complained that the linen smelt of tobacco. He would have turned the child out but the woman refused.

"We have no boy of our own, he'll be a son to us by and by."

But when Andrew grew bigger she was sorry she had not let him go. Her eldest girl had something wrong with her back, and had to lie on an old sofa almost all day, and could do nothing but knit stockings for sale. The others all died in different illnesses—all but Annie. And the last baby was a boy, a healthy child that promised to thrive. Poor Andrew he was not wanted!

"There now! It's made! Twist up the handle quick."

The boy looked up and smiled, and if the smile was a little weak and meaningless, Annie did not know it. Poor, feeble-minded Andrew was a hero to her. His curly fair hair shone in the sun, and his big dreamy eyes were as blue as the summer sky. He knew where all the birds built their nests, and the flowers the wild bees loved grew, and he whistled as no one else could. But he laughed when others frowned, sometimes foolishly enough, and whistled all day long, till Annie's father complained of the noise. The night before an old man with a fiddle had stood to play in the street where the washer-woman lived, and Andrew was whistling all the tunes over to himself as he finished the basket of rushes.

"Those geese will run over the clothes! Take the basket!" he cried, jumping up and splashing through the marshy ground. He had been sent to the common with the double duty of watching the clothes spread out to bleach, and keeping little Annie in the fresh air, and out of the old quarries, which were deep and full of water. He was clever enough for that, though he was such a dunce at his books, and jumbled his messages. The geese hissed at him and tried to bite his feet, but he chased them off all the same, and came back to Annie. She had her lap full of flowers, and had begun to arrange them, but was already tired of her occupation. Annie was fond of change.

"I'll make you a grand parasol," said he, "and then you can hold it up like a fine lady to keep the sun off your face."

Andrew began to twist some more rushes. But Annie was peevish. Perhaps she was a little sleepy, for the bees were humming in the wild thyme and the day was warm. She brightened up a little at the idea of being like a fine lady, but lost interest long before the parasol was completed.

"Put it away! It's a stupid thing. I'm— I'm hungry!"

Andrew looked round—he was taken aback. Annie wanted something that he did not know how to get for her. He was her obedient and devoted slave, but there was nothing she could eat on the common, and he felt at his wit's end. He emptied his pockets—a big nail, a bit of twine, a piece of coloured glass, four marbles, and, oh, joy! a nut, and a barley sugar drop! The last was decidedly sticky, and coated freely with dust and fluff from the depths of Andrew's pocket, but it was a goodie all the same. He held it and the nut out to her with a feeling of no little pride and satisfaction. Annie pounced on the nut, but turned up her nose at the sugar-plum.

"It's dirty! and sticky too! I doesn't want it. Crack the nut for me, I can't," said she.

Andrew had popped the rejected sweetmeat into his own mouth, but he now took it out again and laid it on the grass, and lifted the nut to his lips.

"Not with you's teeth, Andrew! Not with you's teeth!" screamed Annie.

He looked amazed.

"How am I to crack it, then," said he.

"With a stone," said the child.

Andrew brightened. He laid the nut on a large stone and cracked it with another. Then he laughed. But he had hit too hard, and pounded the kernel to crumbs. Annie turned down the corners of her rosy mouth.

"Bad boy!" she said, and turned away.

The tears rose in Andrew's blue saucers of eyes, as he stooped very humbly to pick out the broken bits of shell, and gather the powdered kernel into a fresh green leaf. Annie allowed herself to be coaxed into eating the dainty in this form, and Andrew was happy once more. He tried all the fiddler's tunes over again, one after the other, while she squatted on the turf, and beat time with her heels, twisting her hat strings in her small fat hands.

"I want more," she said in a little. And it was clear she expected it too. Andrew was dismayed. His pockets were empty. What could he do to satisfy his little despot? Would it not soon be time for dinner! Oh yes! there came the child's mother to call them home for it, and to carry back the clothes. Andrew must help her to gather them and carry the basket.

Well, they were dry now, and would not be so heavy. When they were wet, even the sturdy boy of ten could hardly manage his share of the weight, uphill.

"Now you can go and play in the close, till I wash up the floor," said the washerwoman, when they had eaten their mid-day meal.

"What a heap that boy eats!" she sighed, as she cleared the table. "What is to be done with him I don't know, for he'll never learn a trade, poor lad! He's good at turning the mangle, and willing. Well, there's no knowing what may turn up yet, and I'll just go on with my work in the meantime. The Lord will have a place for him as well as for others."

The boy went off down the long close, rattling the marbles in his pocket. How he ever came to have marbles at all was a mystery, for though he was the straightest shot, and had the steadiest hand among the boys, his playmates always made out that he had missed, or lost by this rule or the other, and Andrew, unable to follow their reasoning, and with an instinctive trustfulness of nature, gave in without demur. He only wondered vaguely why he always failed, and laughed again at his own stupidity.

Perhaps his quick way of noticing trifles when his eyes were glancing at everything, and his mind was fixed on nothing in particular, helped him. He was always picking up things in the street. Once he found a gold locket, but it was claimed next day. The owner gave Andrew a shilling for finding it, but Annie's father who was present took it out of his hand. He went straight to the public-house, only to return in the evening very cross, and unsteady on his feet, and boxed the boy's ears for being in his road. He told him he would turn him out of doors next morning, for he would not be eaten out of house and home by a great stupid cad that was none of his.

Andrew was losing his marbles with his usual bad luck, and was deeply interested in the process, while Annie stood against the wall, with a corner of her pinafore in her mouth, looking on. There was a noise that made all the boys jump to their feet. Carts and gigs in plenty passed the end of the close daily. Some came down the road rather quickly, and it was not very safe for them, for the corner was sharp. Two wooden posts and a chain closed the entrance of the paved way, barring it against anything bigger than a wheelbarrow. It was not wide and was only intended for foot passengers. But here was something unusual. A runaway horse was tearing down the road with a cart behind, in which some sheets of iron jolted and clattered, urging the beast with fresh terror at every step. The boys paused, expecting to see an accident at the corner,—so there was, but not as they thought. The horse, instead of trying to follow the road, dashed straight against the chain. Perhaps it could not help itself, for the iron-laden cart was pressing it forward, and most likely it had not seen the chain. This gave way in a moment, for the posts were old and rotten at their base and broke across at the first strain. The horse staggered forward bleeding at the chest, and stumbling over the chain which dropped about its ankles. The boys fled down the narrow way or jumped the low wall—all except Andrew. Annie could not climb the wall, nor could her short legs carry her fast enough down the close. He stopped and lifted her safe on to the top, put his hands beside her, and prepared to jump, but there was no time left.

He gave one frightened look as the horse, still borne forward, and unable to recover its footing, fell on him with a crash, knocking him against the wall, crushing him on the pavement, and dimming his shiny hair in the dust of the road.

Strong men came and raised the injured animal. They lifted Andrew very gently. He opened his blue eyes, and looked at Annie sobbing on the wall, smiled slightly, and dropped his head on his bearer's shoulder with a sigh. Poor witless Andrew had succeeded, where clever people often fail. He had done his short life's work. He had shirked no duty that his feeble mind could grasp, and God who expects no more, and no less, from the best of us, had a better home prepared for him!

FATHER MATHEW.

JUST one hundred years ago—in October, 1790—a little boy was born in Tipperary, Ireland, the child of James Mathew, the bailiff of the Earl of Llandaff. James Mathew had been when quite a child adopted by the earl and had grown up in his house—Thomastown as it was called—and when old enough was made bailiff and took charge of it during the earl's absence. After his marriage he still remained there for some years, and it was here that his fourth son, Theobald, the subject of this memoir was born. Theobald—or Toby as he was called—was a quiet, thoughtful boy, who, as he preferred to stay constantly by his mother's side instead of joining his brothers in their play, early obtained the nicknames of "Miss Molly" and "The Pet," though at the same time his loving, unselfish nature made him a great favourite in the household.

He specially delighted in planning some surprise or pleasure for the others, sometimes causing much amusement in doing so. One Christmas when the annual treat of plum pudding was over the best spoons were missing. When Toby, amongst others, was asked if he knew anything of them he showed them under the seat of a chair, saying he had put them there ready for next Christmas, the earl was so amused that he said they should have plum pudding once a week instead of only once a year. When sitting at dinner one day, Mrs. Mathew, looking round the table, expressed her disappointment that though she had nine sons not one of them cared to become a priest. After a moment's thought Toby, who was quite a little fellow, exclaimed "Mother, I'll be a priest," and never after expressed anything but pleasure at his decision. After going to school at Kilkenny for five years he went to the college at Maynooth, and at the age of twenty-four was publicly ordained as priest under the name of "Father Mathew." After first joining a small convent at Kilkenny—where he quickly roused the inmates from the dull, inactive life they had been leading—he began his work at Cork in company with a good, earnest man named Father Donovan.

Their residence was not of a very luxurious kind, consisting only of two tiny rooms very barely furnished, attached to the chapel; but their mean surroundings were nothing to these two good men, whose only thought was how best to help others, and they worked well together, doing much good in the city of Cork, till the death of Father Donovan left the younger priest to continue the work alone. So popular did he become that a new church was built and large numbers attended both the services and the confessional, the importance of the latter being strongly urged by Father Mathew. Strange indeed must have been some of the stories poured into his ear, some very sad, some very amusing. Of the latter was the woman who complained that her "habit" was a source of great grief to her, and on her confessor asking what the habit was, she replied amidst tears and sobs that it was the dress prepared for her burial which on being tried on proved to be too short, and she had come to the Father for advice. With difficulty repressing his laughter Father Mathew suggested she should "put a flounce at the bottom." It was a happy thought, and the penitent left the box radiant with joy.

Seeing the evils that arose from idleness and ignorance he turned some old unused storehouses into industrial schools where boys and girls were taught to use both their brains and their hands; and to insure the decent burial of the dead without the heavy fees that were usually charged, he bought a large piece of ground, converted it into a cemetery, and gave it to the city. Only too soon was the benefit of this gift felt, for cholera broke out and spread with fearful rapidity. Foremost among the good, devoted men who worked day and night to relieve the sufferers, and to prevent the spread of the disease, was Father Mathew, down the dark alleys, up into the garrets, into the hospitals, everywhere he went carrying comfort to the sufferers, and encouragement to the nurses and doctors; all he had he gave gladly, and would have given ten times as much if he had had it. His secretary once said, "If the streets of Cork were paved with gold, and Father Mathew could do what he liked with them there would not be a paving-stone left at the end of the year." It was soon after this that he first took up the great work of his life, the championship of the Temperance cause; of which his friend and fellow governor of the workhouse, William Martin, was such a staunch supporter. Knowing the great influence that Father Mathew had over the people Martin felt how much might be done if he joined the cause, and one day when looking at some of the inmates of the workhouse, who had been sent there by drink, he exclaimed, "Oh, Theobald Mathew if *thou* wouldst but take the cause in hand how much good might be done in this city." But the priest hesitated for some time, weighing the good and the evil that might arise, for many good men must lose their living if total abstinence became general, and others would be deprived of what to them was good, not harmful;

but after looking at it all round, he felt the good must far outweigh the evil, and decided to help the movement. Having made up his mind, he lost no time, and at once called a meeting in the Catholic schoolroom, and having explained his reasons went to the table and signed his name, saying, "Here goes, in the name of God." His example was followed by sixty others, in a few days more joined, and before the year had expired two hundred thousand names were enrolled on the register. He was then asked to visit other cities, and went first to Limerick where the excitement after hearing him speak was so great that twenty thousand persons came to sign the pledge; other cities followed in rapid succession and for three years the whole of his life was devoted to this object.

The kitchen of his house at Cork was used for the purpose of enrolment, and here the the certificates and medals were sold to those who cared for the outward symbol of their pledge, or given to those who were too poor to buy. Persons of all ages and position came to him, some from a great distance. No one was refused, even those who were drunk at the time were often induced to take the pledge, and in many cases kept it.

All over the country he went, anywhere, everywhere where he thought he could gain a convert, his sweet smile and kindly manner probably doing as much as faith in the cause he pleaded so eloquently.

Of course many who had taken the pledge through excitement, or because it was the fashion, broke it very quickly, in some cases they would come and give back the certificate and the medal only to be made ashamed of their resolution and to promise stricter adherence than before, but the majority kept away from the priest altogether.

That a great good was done was testified to on all sides, the magistrates constantly referring to the decrease of crime as probably owing to the greater temperance of the people. Even those who suffered so bitterly by the loss of all their business often admitted that their loss was the country's gain.

The expenses of this movement had been tremendous, and the receipts very small, this and the loss of an expected legacy, caused the kind priest to suddenly find himself terribly in debt, while hard and unjust accusations as to the cause of this state of poverty added not a little to his pain and humiliation. Friends came forward to give substantial help, and to clear his name, and eventually obtained for him an annual pension from the government of £300 "as a mark of his services to his country." But, while his friends were thus working for him, Father Mathew was again devoting himself to the people he loved so well, a terrible famine had broken out, hundreds were dying before help could reach them. Once again he and others worked day and night to give what help they could; money and food came from England, America, and other countries, but it could only partially save the people, and in a short time ten thousand were buried in Father Mathew's cemetery alone.

Barely was the famine over than the brave old man was seized with a fit of paralysis, but as soon as he was better, he went off to America on a temperance mission. Two years and a half he stayed there, preaching, persuading, and administering the pledge, and then broken down and feeble he returned home never to leave it again.

For five years he lingered on, his last act being to administer the pledge to some who had come to him not knowing of his last seizure. They buried him in his own cemetery, beneath the cross his own hands had raised, and which will ever stand as a memorial of the Apostle of Temperance.

E. J. T.

FLITTINGS.

"In yellowish woods the chestnut drops,
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store;
And so 'Summer's o'er,' said I—
'Summer's o'er!'

"The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn;
And so 'Summer's gone,' said I—
'Summer's gone!'

"A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun;
But for all that 'Summer's done,' said I—
'Summer's done!"

AN AUTUMN DRESS.

BY LUCY WHEELOCK.

Out in the meadow stood a maple-tree, brown and bare, in the opening spring-time. During the winter the kindly snow had sometimes covered it over with a white blanket; but now the snow had melted away, and the tree had nothing to cover it. It shook its bare arms mournfully and sighed, "I wish I had a dress to wear. I am so bare and brown and ugly."

"I will make you a dress," said Spring, who was listening. "I have all the newest shades of green, which is a very fashionable color at this season. I will make you a new green dress."

So Spring worked busily every day, and soon the tree was covered with beautiful, soft green. It was so pretty, that two birds came and built their nest on one of its outstretched arms, and made their home there all the summer.

But the cold winds began to blow, and the birds heard voices calling them to the sunny South. The young birds could fly now; so they all prepared for a long journey, and bade the friendly tree good-bye.

"Ah!" sighed the tree, "I am no longer beautiful. I suppose my dress has faded. I know Spring went away long ago; and perhaps Summer will make me a new dress. She seems kind." But Summer never answered. How could she? For she too had gone away. Then Autumn heard the call, and came to the tree with all her beautiful dyes, and said,—

"I will color your dress a gay red and yellow, and you will be more beautiful than ever."

"Thank you, kindly," said the tree. "I only grieve that the little birds are not here to see me. A red awning would be so pretty for their house;" and it shook its branches so mournfully, that the empty nest fell to the ground.

"Never mind," said Autumn, "It is sadly out of repair, and the birds will build a new one next season."

For many days the Maple stood bright in the sunlight; but a bitter cold came at last, and the flowers near the tree began to shiver in their summer dresses, and cried to the friendly tree to help them find something warm to wear.

"I have nothing but my red and yellow dress," said the good tree; "but I am bigger and stronger than you and better able to bear the cold, so I will cover you up with my dress."

So the brave Maple threw down, bit by bit, the whole bright dress to keep the flowers warm; and it stood bare and brown again in the cold November. But soon Winter came and clothed it one night in shining white; and the next morning it stood like a king robed in ermine.

IN THOSE DAYS WERE GIANTS!

Of course a child's first notion of a giant is often derived from its nursery lore, and perhaps also from its Bible narratives. He pictures a man immensely tall, higher than the Church steeple most likely, flourishing a rough club as big as one of the elm trees in the garden, stripped of its leaves, and with it blindly demolishing and destroying all before him,—for who ever heard of a giant who was not destructive, and yet silly too, for was he not always defeated and destroyed by some brave little Jack, who managed to catch him asleep and to cut off his head in the most unexpected and easy manner, and to walk off with his bag of gold, which must have been many times as big and heavy as Jack himself. So say the story-tellers, but I think that in the oldest time people were more ready to take this view of giants than they are now, when, to begin with, they enquire *how* big were the biggest persons *known* to have existed. Of course, size, like everything else is relative—as in Gulliver's Travels for instance we read how the Queen of Brobdignag's pet dwarf was over twenty feet high, and the tallest man in Lilliput not seven inches, yet looked upon as a wonder in his own country, which only existed in printland—the truth being that no real person is supposed to have exceeded nine feet.

During the Belgian Fêtes only a short time ago almost all the population of Brussels turned out to see a procession of huge painted giants and of legendary persons perambulate the streets—a sight which was loudly cheered, and gave great amusement to the lookers-on, young and old, though it is a not uncommon one in all continental cities, as indeed it once was in London. Our English giants, Gog and Magog, who now beam down from the stately gallery in Guildhall, have themselves been carried in such state in old Lord Mayor's Shows, as have other effigies of the same kind. Then too, as to the dwarfs, who has not heard of the masterful old lady who—

"Had a little husband,
No bigger than her thumb,
She put him in a pint pot,
And bid him drum, drum."

I feel sorry to admit that such mites never existed yet, except in fanciful brains, and fairy lore. Sir Jeffery Hudson and may be some few other "small men" have been placed in pasties and served up at banquets to astonish kings' guests. Yet he, for one, was almost three feet high, and pasties were tall and firmly walled about, and well baked and cooled before the dwarf crouched in their hollow interior just as the cooks brought them "to set before the king." C.L.M.